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W. R. HEARST.

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## THE SPHERE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Doubtless there are occasions at which Mr. George W. Smalley shines, but a New England Society dinner is not one, for at such a function Mr. Smalley is prone to indulge his fancy for England, forgetting the "New."

Night before last the New England Society of Brooklyn enjoyed —or suffered—Mr. Smalley's presence and oratory. The diners, who were descendants of the sturdy colonists who stood at Concord Bridge, or on Bunker Hill, or fought the good fight at Lexington, must have found little inspiration in Mr. Smalley's words.

He discerned nothing in the foreign policy of our Government except a desire to take our nation out from under England's wing, and this he deplored as bitterly as though the Declaration of Independence had never been signed and the surrender at Yorktown never compelled.

Moreover, he feared grave consequences might result from the unwise insistence of the United States that it is a nation, entitled to recognition in the family of nations. If we breathe a word about Armenian atrocities, if we dare to peep about Greece, if we insist on showing humane interest in Cuba and actually have the effrontery to propose the annexation of Hawaii, then, says Mr. Smalley, we will convince Continental powers that "their best policy is to unite against this country. **For their own preservation they will have to adopt a policy of co-operation against the United States.**"

Why for their own preservation? Why has not the United States the same right to speak on mooted international questions that any European nation has?

Mr. Smalley does not answer these questions. He does not explain how any nation can have so great an interest in the fortunes of Cuba or Hawaii as the United States, nor does he stop to indicate that so far as Greece and Armenia are concerned the outcry which rose from this nation was simply the protest of a civilized people cruelly conscious of their impotence and bitterly indignant that the so-called Christian nation of England failed utterly in its duty to protect Christians from the outrages of the unspeakable Turk.

Mr. Smalley is not important, but his utterances are, for they are but the expression, through him, of the opinion of a few Anglicized Americans who think that our only hope for national safety lies in constant truckling to Great Britain, which is, as the orator truly observed, the "greatest financial power in the world" and the "greatest naval power in the world." There are those among us who believe that we can order our finances independently of Great Britain, and others who think that this nation has in the hearts of its citizens enough of courage, patriotism and determination to fight the fight for national honor with equal disregard of British money bags and British ironclads.

The nation is sick of this bandying of international courtesies in which American Ministers and quasi-American journalists throw bouquets at England, and the whole 80,000,000 American citizens are expected to bow their heads for the approving pat vouchsafed in return. Nothing that Mr. Cleveland ever did was so well done as his Venezuela proclamation. Nothing before the American people is more wholly a matter of national concern than the effort for the independence of Cuba and the determination to annex Hawaii. Interference by any European nation in either of these purposes would be unwarrantable—except, of course, in the case of Spain. And at no point in the foreign policy of the United States, as lately developed, is there offered excuse for any man calling himself American to rise up and deplore our national self-assertiveness and beg that at least we shall not offend England with her fleet and her stock of gold.

The foreign policy of the United States has usually fallen short of frank assertion of our national strength. It is evident that the opinion of the people exerted upon the officials is gradually correcting this error. The progress toward a truer and broader nationality is little likely to be blocked by New York correspondents of London newspapers.

## RALLYING FOR THE CELEBRATION.

The manner in which the people of Greater New York are rallying to the Journal's call for a grand carnival to celebrate the advent of the new metropolis gives assurance already of brilliant success. It shows how justly the Journal gauged the popular feeling when it confidently relied upon a hearty response from the people to sustain its plan for a fitting commemoration of a great event which was in danger of passing without an opportunity for proper recognition.

The event is in its way without a parallel in history. Cities have grown and extended and communities have been united under one government by a single act, but never before did such an extent of territory, such a vast and varied population of so many diverse political bodies merge in a single night into one imperial municipality. The second city in the world, the first city of the future, is to be born with the new year, and that even will stand in recorded history as marking a new era in municipal government.

It would have been proper for public authorities to make long and costly preparation to celebrate this event, but it has been left to the Journal almost to improvise a celebration; but, thanks to the popular appreciation of its enterprise and courage, it can be done on a scale and in a manner fairly worthy of the occasion. The celebration cannot fail to go into history with the event, and all concerned in it will share in the glory.

There will be illuminations and fireworks, there will be inspiring music and thrilling song, there will be the life and color of a grand pageant, and all the tokens of a great popular rejoicing.

## THE MINISTER TO CHINA.

The determination of the President to force upon the Senate the nomination of Mr. Charles Page Bryan, of Illinois, for Minister to China is wholly discreditable.

Conditions in China demand the highest qualities of tact, judgment and experience in the American Minister. There, if anywhere in the world to-day, a diplomatic official must frequently act upon his own responsibility, the methods of communication with his own Government being slow and subject to constant interruption. A rabid and ill-governed populace has more than once within the last five years subjected American citizens there resident to violence and spoliation, and it requires incessant vigilance and indomitable firmness on the part of the American Minister to avert repeated outrages and to compel reparation for those already committed. How gravely a situation, already menacing, may be complicated by the evident intention of European nations and Japan to partition among themselves Chinese territory can only be guessed. The Celestial is not discriminating, and the "white devil" whose protector holds court in Washington is likely enough to pay penalty for sins chargeable to him who gives allegiance to Berlin.

The present Minister to China, Charles Denby, has served twelve years, having been prior to that time an American merchant in one of the principal Chinese cities. His knowledge of the Chinese character is exact and particular, his sources of diplomatic information and his channels of diplomatic influence various and far reaching. His predecessor was James B. Angell, now United States Minister to Turkey, a man of wide experience and unusual native ability. President McKinley's nominee would scarcely present to a keenly observant people like the Chinese an imposing appearance when compared to his predecessors.

It is enough to say of Mr. Bryan that beyond wealth and the ordinary collegiate education he possesses no qualifications for his post. His lack of comprehension of public matters has led to some ludicrous anecdotes being bandied about Washington, such as his request for a war ship to convey him to his post, and his earnest desire for such a man as Theodore Roosevelt for Secretary of Legation. Possibly the stories are more entertaining than true, but it is significant that they find their most positive believers among those who know their hero best.

No argument should be needed in the face of the daily news reports from China to convince the President and the Senate that the United States Minister to that country should be a man of ripe experience and proved judgment and tact.

## THE STRATEGICAL NEED OF HAWAII.

Much that is going on beyond the Pacific is of importance to the United States.

In Japan, as the Journal yesterday showed, the temper of the rabble is so hostile to this nation that the sailors of our men-of-war are not safe from mob violence when ashore. Whether or not the prophecy of General Lew Wallace that the next war we shall have will be with the Japanese may come true, it is still apparent that the United States must be prepared to avenge with a strong hand wrongs done its citizens in that land of chrysanthemums and coolies. The Japanese are drunken with their complete success over China, fear no one, and are likely to invite a salutary lesson before long.

In the quarrel over the spoliation of China which engages the attention of the honest and peaceful statesmen of Europe the United States is little concerned. Yet American interests in China are not inconsiderable, and it is entirely conceivable that the time may come when we may need a squadron on that coast to protect them, and a base of operations whence the movements of that naval force may be directed.

These considerations point to the naval and political importance of the Hawaiian Islands. The halfway house of the Pacific, they will enable this nation to guard its interests in the countries bordering on that ocean with a materially smaller naval force than would otherwise be required. They are essential, indeed, to the maintenance of the authority of the United States in the Pacific, which it is already evident is to be menaced by many hostile forces.

## THE "IMPERIOUS NECESSITY."

In conditionally confirming the report of its commissioners in favor of the rapid transit plans the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court admitted the "imperious necessity" of improved means of transit in this city. Of that necessity nobody can be in doubt who travels the city streets with his eyes open, even though his self-interest make him pretend to think otherwise.

During this holiday season the present system of local travel is practically broken down under the strain put upon it. Surface cars go by packed while would-be passengers frantically beckon them to stop, though there would obviously be nothing but discomfort in trying to ride in them. On the elevated trains during parts of every day suffocating humanity is strung upon straps and jammed upon platforms, and a journey between Harlem and the downtown section is contemplated with dread. Ease and comfort between home and office are not to be looked for.

If this cramped and congested condition exists now, what of the future? It is certain that the healthy development of the city within the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx will be impossible without rapid transit. With rapid transit it will be speedy, and will produce such an advance in taxpaying values as would make it a safe investment even if the proposed system were not to pay for itself out of the proceeds of the traffic.

The need of rapid transit is admitted, the feasibility and adequacy of the proposed plan is not questioned, and certainly the city has resources and credit to provide for such an "imperious necessity." It is the duty of all concerned with the execution of the law, which rests upon an emphatic popular mandate, to work together for success. The court and the commission have it in their keeping.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE TRUST.

Having gained practically complete control of the anthracite coal fields, thus being able to regulate wholesale coal prices, Mr. J. P. Morgan is about to embark, through one of his corporations, in the retail coal business. This he says will make coal cheaper to the consumer. Perhaps it will—for a time.

Mr. Morgan has erected himself into a trust, and his gradual adoption of trust methods is edifying and instructive.

Like every other trust, he started with the premise that the real purpose of the consolidation of the anthracite interests was to benefit both producer and consumer. "Little economies"—phrase dear to every trust defender—possible only when business is done on a large scale and without competition, would enable the payment of high wages to miners and result in cheap coal for buyers. But the programme, unfolding, showed the methods which the Standard Oil and Sugar trusts long since made familiar. Little economies quickly showed themselves in the reduction of wages of miners, in the restriction of output, in the narrowing of the margin of profit permitted to the retailing merchants, but retail prices did not decrease. Gradually, as the power of the trust becomes stronger, instead of having customers it merely has agents, subject to its orders and its supervision. Ultimately the entire disappearance of the independent merchant is sure to result in the way of which Mr. Morgan is about to set the fashion.

To put consumer and producer wholly at the mercy of one middleman is obviously a gross wrong to both. But half the lawyers tell us it is a necessary and inevitable evil, while all the lawyers hold as a maxim of their profession that there can be no wrong without its remedy. Which are right?

## WHY IN SUCH A HURRY?

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Commission decided upon a new site yesterday, on Riverside Park, not far from the Grant monument. Apparently it expects to get the consent of the Park Board and the approval of the present Art Commission for the accepted design and the new location, and so get the matter settled beyond recall before the year ends.

Now this is not the site recommended by the experts of the Fine Arts Federation, which is at the other end of Riverside Park, with a vista through Seventy-second street. Neither is it the site with reference to which the Stoughton-Macmonnies design was made. This is a matter which ought to be decided with care and deliberation, in accordance with the mature judgment of experts in such matters.

After so much delay and so much blundering there is no occasion for special haste just now. After the 1st of January there will be a new Art Commission, whose high character and competency are assured by the charter, and it would be far better to leave this whole matter open for a more careful consideration than it has had since the rejection of the Plaza site.

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The powers have not gone so far as to officially announce a China dissolution sale.

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Major-General Brooke advises the establishment of gymnasiums at army posts. Out at Fort Sheridan, where the privates are used as punching bags and similar purposes, this suggestion will be regarded as uncalled for and extravagant.

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Before going into the Ohio Senatorial drifts Mark Hanna will do well to supply himself with a snow shovel and a pair of ear muffs.

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The Government of Hayti ought to consider itself lucky that several other nations didn't get their claims in while Germany had its knee on her breast and her shoulders touching the floor.

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The Cuban leaders are unable to understand the Administration's total disregard of the Cuban plank of the St. Louis platform. The Cuban leaders evidently forget that the election that special plank was prepared to influence occurred over one year ago.

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**The Right Sort of Injunction.**

If we may believe the New York Journal it has rescued forty miles of city streets from the grasp of street railway corporations, through the tyrannical method of government by injunction. Yet the Chicago platform is still asserted to be a living political force!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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**The Journal Trusts the People.**

The New York Journal, finding the people a little slow in organizing a celebration of the date on which Greater New York will become an official reality, announces that it will pay the bills for a carnival to be organized under its auspices.—Syracuse Standard.

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**A Friend's Tribute.**

To the Editor of the Journal:

I read the Journal six days in the week and the Sunday issue always has a place in my home. Why? Because, I consider it the most newsy, energetic, popular and up-to-date paper published in New York to-day.

The theatrical criticisms are always fair and impartial, the sporting news crisp and to the point, and the musical supplements to the Sunday issues cannot fail to be appreciated. In fact, I consider that the Journal is "all right." An admirer,

New York. E. H. M'DONALD.

**A Revolution in Economics.**

To the Editor of the Journal:

By its publication of Henry George's last and greatest work, "The Science of Political Economy," the Journal, indeed, deserves the heartiest approval ever awarded a meritorius action. This able work of the dead philosopher and humanitarian is a second "Wealth of Nations," yet far superior to the masterpiece of Adam Smith; its parts are far more harmonious and coherent, and its conclusions more exhaustive and rational.

The "dismal science," as heretofore taught, gave but little hope to oppressed humanity, but the author of "The Science of Political Economy," with his irresistible logic and vigorous mental powers, has pulled aside the curtain and shown the glorious possibilities of a civilization founded on absolute justice and material Christianity.

Of the great many people who will read this work, probably the larger part will read it in the columns of the Sunday Journal. Its illustrious author, had he lived, could have desired no better plan to place it before the people.

A thorough study of "The Science of Political Economy" by every voter, and especially every legislator, would prove a blessing to the United States—and to the universe. Vive le Journal!

New York City. HARRY W. PALMER.

## Coghlan in "The Royal Box" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

By Alan Dale.

CHARLES COGHLAN has done the wise thing at last. He has abandoned the highly unprofitable task of foisting his bad, original plays upon poor, unoffending sister Rose, whose buoyant, vehemently feminine and perpetually youthful nature he could never understand, and has turned his attention to his own needs. He has left Miss Coghlan to do the best she can with such melodramas as "The Sporting Duchess" and "The White Heather," and has ceased to ply her with his own literary efforts. Poor Rose! She had such faith in him! "I am going to present a new play by my brother Charles," she used to say about once a month, and she generally did it. But neither sister nor brother was happy.

And now Charles Coghlan has come to the Fifth Avenue Theatre with a brand-new self-tailor-made suit draped upon a Dumas dummy. There is no reason on earth why an intelligent, mature and not unduly conceited actor should not thoroughly understand himself and his own requirements. Mr. Coghlan has a semi-literary, semi-dramatic temperament, and he has undertaken to fit it. And in "The Royal Box," which is "founded on a drama by Alexander Dumas," and which had its second performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, Charles Coghlan has shown that the hackneyed legend "Know Thyself" has not been unappreciated by him.

In "The Royal Box" Mr. Coghlan has woven for himself a part so creamy, so metaphorically calcium-lighted, and so completely saturated with that always successful quality, yclept the "sympathy of the audience," that nobody will doubt for a moment that he has not hit the bull's-eye this time. The role that he has built up for himself is a capital one, bristling with everything that the most exacting star actor could demand, but withal suited precisely to the admirable characteristics of this particular star actor.

Charles Coghlan is a stage figure of considerable significance. His are the methods that the striplings and adolescents of the profession seek to imitate. He is easy, natural, unaffectedly cynical, and always plausible. He can look and behave like a gentleman—a gift that is denied to nine out of ten of his confreres. Mr. Coghlan can, by the sheer force of a singularly and almost eccentrically fascinating personality, endow the ordinary, conventional scenes of self-sacrificing gallantry and heroine rescue with live and palpitating interest. In "The Royal Box" he does this—sketchily and rather whimsically at first, in the rather brusque and disconnected opening acts of the play—ferociously, earnestly and most convincingly in its closing episodes.

Clarence, the actor, whom he impersonates, is a rather usual hero, done up into the always entertaining garbs of the stage. You can see this sort of hero in the crude and gallery form in "The White Heather," and in half a dozen of the popular price theatres of the city, but in "The Royal Box" he claims attention, because he is an actor, and because this is a stage-mad, theatre-absorbed community. In his championship of Celia Pryse, the silly little stage-struck girl whom he is called upon to champion, Charles Coghlan glosses over the banality of his gallantry, by means of his own unuttered but acted cynicism, and the result is most felicitous. You watch this picturesque person, vis-a-vis to the timid little maiden, and you admire him. He doesn't openly pose as a hero—he is too clever for that—and he attains that goal all the more surely on account of the supreme diffidence that he betrays.

Later on, at the end of the third act, when Clarence had a wordy, epigrammatic war with the infamous, yet blue-coated Lord Bassett; and in the fourth act, when in the Drury Lane scene he denounces the Prince of Wales in the royal box, Mr. Coghlan throws off his cynicism and easy affectations and shows that, au besoin, he can be the virile, stormy and passionforn Lotharis of which all theatre-goers are fond. Coghlan is not young, but he could teach half the actors of to-day how to portray youthful impetuosity.

Yes, Clarence is a spectacular role with a vengeance. In every episode the character appears to advantage. With the Swedish ambassador, with the dresser, with the landlord of the Cat and Fiddle, with the Countess Helen—who is inclined to be saucy—Clarence is most effectively displayed. In the hands of a bad actor the part would not be lacking in interest. Attacked vigorously by Charles Coghlan, it will please many a series of theatre-loving theatregoers at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. And when Coghlan gives his advice to young, stage-adoring maidens, in a sort of undemonstrative, diplomatic, Harriet-Hubbard-Ayer-Lydia-Pinkham fashion, he caters to the fondest desires of the matinee boys and girls of a big city. His lines are showy but forcible; pyrotechnic, but wise; stagey, but sensible.

The masculine star is very frequently undesirable. The public prefers to see the woman as the centre of attraction, except in the case of a few youthful male idols. But Mr. Coghlan is easily superior to this obstacle. Under the guise of reading you a theatre lesson—and theatre lessons are ridiculously popular just now—he is really amusing you vastly, and feeding the general craze for "gossip from behind the scenes."

The programmes at the Fifth Avenue describe Mr. Coghlan rather fully. Bless that programme maker's heart! We know our Charles. We have known him for many years—no matter how many. The Fifth Avenue, accustomed to such new celebrities as Viarda, has probably forgotten Coghlan's vogue.

The actor is extremely well supported, although most of the actors are merely "feeders" to a voracious star role. It is Miss Grace Filkins who distinguishes herself most signally. Miss Filkins is quite as pretty as she ever was, but this role gives her opportunities that enhance her beauty. And she seizes each opportunity, and makes the most of it. As Celia Pryse, her work is delightfully artistic and fascinating. There never was a more plausible or picturesque young "matinee girl."

Harold Russell as the Prince of Wales, is unnecessarily heavy and clumsy. Clever little bits are contributed by Claude Brooks, Guy Nichols and Taylor Granville. I didn't admire the Swedish Ambassador of Albert Bruning, who seemed to be more addicted to the Weber & Field dialect than to that of Aspenhagen. Miss Elizabeth Garth as the highly aristocratic Countess Helen, played the satin-backed part with a half-hacked hauteur. Miss Lulu Klein, with a most aggressively vinegary accent, nevertheless managed to get a little shading into the role of Lady Robert.

"The Royal Box" is well worth seeing—not alone for its fourth act, which "brings down the house," but for its neatly written dialogue, its simple situations, and its real, undeniable "stage glamour." There isn't a theatrical "column" in the city that says anything as good as "The Royal Box," and we all read theatrical "columns" when we don't write them.

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**More Poems of Passion.**

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has been writing some more poems of passion, and after a careful perusal of two or three of them we are convinced that she is just as powerful as ever in the passion business. In one of her recent outbursts she says, "love is like the sunlight that sets the world ablaze," and in another poem that, could it be sent up there, would make the climate of the Klondike more comfortable than it is now, she informs her love that she would like to feed upon him as the kingbird feeds on the heart of the bee, after which she goes on to say:

As the south wind kisses the leaf at will,
From the leaf of thy lips I would drink my fill.

But her highest flight is attained in a little poem entitled "If I Were a Raindrop," which, with the reader's permission, we will quote in full:

If I were a raindrop and you were a leaf,
I would burst from the cloud above you
And lie on your breast in a rapture of rest
And love you, love you, love you!

If I were a brown bee and you were a rose
I would fly to you, love, nor miss you;
I would sip and sip from your nectar lip
And kiss you, kiss you, kiss you!

If I were a doe, dear, and you were a brook,
Ah, what would I do then, think you?
I would kneel by your bank, in the grasses dank,
And drink you, drink you, drink you!

There is one nice thing about Mrs. Wilcox's poems. She seldom leaves the reader in the dark as to her meaning. When her heart becomes filled to bursting with passion she pours it out, and when she gets through the world generally has a pretty clear idea of what the contents were.

In this connection it may not be out of place to say that we do not approve of the remarks of a big, coarse man who, after reading the "Raindrop," said:

If I were your hub and you were my wife,
You lovely, darling dear, you,
I do not think I'd leave pen and ink
'Round near you, near you, near you.

A man with such an idea has no business to read poetry. He has no soul.—Cleveland Leader.

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**Explatory.**

"You are the author of 'Beautiful Snow,'" insisted the stern, masked men who had forced their way into his home.

Without he could hear the clank of arms, and the hoarse, ominous roaring of the mob. There was no time to lose.

"Come!" he whispered.

Leading them down into his cellar he showed them his furnace in the act of burning soft coal.

"Thus," he exclaimed, with emotion, "I am the author of a great deal of snow that is not beautiful. Is there no expiation?"

Ah, was there—for him?—Detroit Journal.

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**Flirtation.**

[Detroit News.]

Of course, Hawaii might flirt with Great Britain a bit, just by way of bringing a hesitating lover to time.

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**A Holiday Carol.**

In hurrying throngs the shoppers crowd,
Rich, young, old, poor,
In all degrees;
While windows' gay emblazoned spread
Tries hard their fickle tastes
To please:
The gifts for Lily swamp a purse,
For she's a maid of high estate,
And Robbie, too, a hopeful son,
Must needs receive, at proper rate;
And so with mother, Tom, and Will,
And Cousin Ruth, and Uncle Jack,
And Gwendolin, and Reginald,
And all the mighty army's pack;
No matter how rich,
Or yet how poor,
In keeping with their purse they must
Perform this yearly donatage,
And so fulfil the season's trust.
The shoppers, they are full of glee,
The merchants, likewise in same mood,
Guard safe their bursting tills,
But papa's face is lined with care,
For he has to foot the bills.

PERCIE W. HART.

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**Will.**

"Of course," observed Xerxes, the king, "my will is law."

"Doubtless," answered the wise man of the court, after consulting a few authorities, "That is to say, if your majesty doesn't leave too large an estate."

For even in those crude old days, ere jurisprudence had become the positive science it now is, there was nothing certain about any will which devised more than a million.—Detroit Journal.

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**For a Living.**

They shuddered.

"And you have stolen for a living?" faltered they.

"I used to steal, but now I murder," replied the man who had been condemned to be hanged fourteen several times, only to be saved in each instance by a writ of spersedeas.

When they were gone, he laughed quietly.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, to be perfectly explicit.—Detroit Journal.

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**Heredity: a Fable.**

Once upon a time a serpent was respectfully accosted by its offspring, a very fabulous thing, truly, as offspring go.

"Papa," prattled the offspring, "why have I a forked tongue?"

"Surely you didn't imagine," the serpent replied, evincing much pain, "that your ancestors or forebears ate with their fingers? Why should not your tongue be forked?"

The serpent, you observe, was inclined to be very scientific, its wisdom, indeed, being proverbial.—Detroit Journal.

## "Painful Recollections."

Please remember that all this happened only last Summer and that he is now happily married to a lady he met out West two months ago.

He is Mr. "Jack" Pencil, and he is a well upholstered young man intended by nature to adorn the boards, but forced by necessity to be an author. His noticeable chest, compressed feet and lovely tenor voice long ago made him what his enthusiastic victims termed a social favorite.

It was on the board walk at Atlantic City just at the close of a perfect day that he hove into the horizon of three old benedicts who knew him. The trio, after proving to him that prohibition does not prohibit, invited him to come later in the evening to their abiding place and meet their wives, who did not know him.

When he came the dusk had some time fallen and the moon was sending an angel's walk of radiance over the lazy swells clear to the foot of the vine enclosed piazza. "Jack" responded to the introductions as only he can, and then to neighten the favorable impression sat himself upon the lowest step of the porch in the moon's full calcium.

He was strangely silent, and at frequent intervals would drop his head upon the neatly gloved hands spread across his cane head and gaze out to sea with a world of longing in his eloquent eyes. At last one of the ladies was moved to inquire: "Mr. Pencil, you don't seem to be in at all good spirits to-night. What is the matter?"

"Painful recollections, Mrs. Smith, that is all."

And, oh, the pathos that throbbed beneath his words!

"Oh, I'm so sorry"—Mrs. Smith began.

"No, no, my dear lady," said he, "you have said nothing to wound me. Only it was on just such a perfect night in almost this very spot that first I met my dear dead wife."

When the three little murmurs of sympathy had died away, Jack threw his classic features still further into the moon rays and went on: "It is torture to me to come here, but a torture that has through it all an undercurrent of exquisite joy. For in all my grief and utter loneliness there comes to me the memory of the first time she raised her lips to me and said, 'Yes, Jack.'"

By this time the three ladies were sobbing audibly, and Jack, making a really wonderful exhibition of a large white handkerchief, bowed himself away. Then came the most unpleasant quarter of an hour that those three benedicts had yet gone through. They were compared by their still weeping wives with the absent Pencil in a manner that was simply fearful, and at last in desperation they proposed a walk to the shore for ice cream.

Homeward bound an hour later they paused a moment to admire the magnificent stretch of piazza surrounding the hotel that sheltered Mr. Pencil. An unusual shadow in its furthest corner attracted close attention, and they made out that it was caused by two rocking chairs placed side by side but face to face. One was occupied by a little blond widow who had been the beach sensation of the season that far; the other by "Jack."

In a moment or two the rocking became very slow, there was a meeting of two blond heads, and then across the night-st'll air came a long-drawn "whip-lp-lp-lpp."

No one said a word, and by common consent the march homeward was resumed. As they were going in the house Mrs. Smith turned and sent her husband a smile full of all kinds of forgiveness.

"At least, dear," said she, "you have no painful recollections."

GEORGE WAUGH ARNOLD.

## An Old Fable Revamped.

The Tortoise and the Hare.

"This is my final ultimatum," sweetly murmured the fair young girl as she proudly arose from her semi-recumbent position upon the elaborately cushioned divan. "I trust that I have made myself sufficiently explicit. This is no age for such silliness as purely romantic love. I may state that I respect and esteem both of you twain sufficiently for all ordinary matrimonial purposes. My hand and fortune I promise to bestow upon him who shall make the greatest number of miles upon his bicycle within the coming week. To your lists, my gallant champions and brave knights! And let the result abide by the decisions of your cyclometers!"

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All that long, weary week from early dawn until the pale moon itself had sunk to rest did Harold Strongly strive manfully to win the beautiful girl—together with her by no means inconsiderable fortune.

By hill and dale, over macadamized road and Belgian block paving stones, went his steed of steel, and the steady rhythm of his unceasing pedalling was as regular and consistent as the revolving of the hands of a neglected gas meter.

Strange to relate, Willie Brainly, his hated rival, was scarcely ever visible to the public eye.

It looked like a sure thing for Harold, and he ran into debt upon the strength of the idea.

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"Eleven hundred eighty four and seven-eighths miles," cried Harold Strongly exultantly, as he placed the tiny dial which he felt so confident would reinstate him in the good graces of his tailor, and at the same time win for him a charming helpmate, into her own fair hands. "I'm really sorry, but I cannot, of course, go back upon my plighted word, Mr. Strongly," she replied in a hesitating fashion. "Mr. Brainly's cyclometer, which he has just shown me, exhibits the really wonderful record of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand miles. Such devotion must, of course, be rewarded, and I trust that we shall see you at the wedding breakfast."

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It was not until the bonds had been indissolubly cemented (and the necessary legal papers looking to his separate allowance duly executed) that Brainly showed his blushing bride the gas engine and revolving pulley in the cellar of his sometime boarding house. PERCIE W. HART.

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**Foresight.**

First Chicagoan—The more I think of how we took in all that wild prairie land a few years ago the more I am convinced of the wisdom of the proceeding. It gives us room to grow.

Second Chicagoan—Couldn't we grow, anyway?

"No, I think we would have been quarantined against by this time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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**A Secret Hope.**

[Atchison Globe.]

Every one who gives Christmas presents has the secret hope that he will get more than he gives.